

"Whereas, not merely on their own account, and to turn from their own soil the calamities of civil war, but for the blessed sake of humanity and to arrest the wanton shedding of fraternal blood in a miserable contest which can bring nothing with it but sorrow, shame and desolation, the people of Maryland are enlisted with their whole hearts on the side of reconciliation and peace;

"Now, therefore, it is hereby resolved by the General Assembly of Maryland, that the State of Maryland owes it to her own self-respect and her respect for the Constitution, not less than her deepest and most honorable sympathies, to register this, her solemn protest, against the war which the Federal government has declared against the Confederate States of the South and our sister and neighbor, Virginia, and to announce her resolute determination to have no part or lot, directly or indirectly, in its prosecution.

"Resolved, That the State of Maryland earnestly and anxiously desires the restoration of peace between the belligerent sections of the country; and the President, authorities and people of the Confederate States having over and over, officially and unofficially, declared that they seek only peace and self-defense, and to be let alone, and that they are willing to throw down the sword the instant the sword now drawn against them shall be sheathed—

"The senators and delegates of Maryland do beseech and implore the President of the United States to accept the olive branch which is thus held out to him, and in the name of God and humanity to cease this unholy and most wretched and unprofitable strife, at least until the assembling of the Congress at Washington shall have given time for the prevalence of cool and better counsels.

"Resolved, That the State of Maryland desires the peaceful and immediate recognition of the independence of the Confederate States, and hereby gives her cordial consent thereto, as a member of the Union, entertaining the profound conviction that the willing return of the Southern people to their former Federal relations is a thing beyond hope, and that the attempt to coerce them will only add slaughter and hate to impossibility.

"Resolved, That the present military occupation of Maryland being for purpose which in the opinion of the legislature are in flagrant violation of the Constitution,

the General Assembly of the State in the name of her people does hereby protest against the same and against the arbitrary restrictions and illegalities with which it is attended, calling upon all good citizens at the same time, in the most earnest and authoritative manner, to abstain from all violent and unlawful interference of every sort with the troops in transit through our territory, or quartered among us, and patiently and peacefully leave to time and reason the ultimate and certain re-establishment and vindication of the right.

"Resolved: That under existing circumstances it is inexpedient to call a Sovereign Convention of the State at this time, or to take any measures for the immediate organization or arming of the militia."

These resolutions passed the Senate, ayes 11, nays 3; House, ayes 43, nays 12. General Butler replied to this defiance by seizing Baltimore the very night these resolutions passed. He *acted*, they *resolved*! An equally significant incident had occurred in Baltimore just the week before. Judge William F. Giles, judge of the district court of the United States for the district of Maryland, issued the writ of habeas corpus on May 4th to Major Morris, commanding at Fort McHenry, commanding him to produce before the court without delay the body of John George Mullen, an enlisted soldier, one of the garrison of the fort who sought his discharge on the ground of minority. Under the law of the United States it was unlawful to enlist a minor under eighteen years of age in the military or naval service without the consent of his parent or guardian. Mullen alleged in his petition that he was under the lawful age and had been enlisted illegally. Major Morris neither produced the man nor made any response to the mandate of the writ; but on May 7th he addressed a letter to Judge Giles, in which he peremptorily refused to obey the writ. In this first trial of strength between law and arms, law became silent, as usual. On May 25th John Merryman, one of the first citizens of Baltimore county, was arrested at his home by a squad of soldiers and locked up in Fort

McHenry. The next day Roger Brooke Taney, chief justice of the Supreme court of the United States, assigned to the fourth circuit, of which Maryland formed a part, issued the writ of habeas corpus to General Cadwallader, commanding at Fort McHenry, requiring him to produce the body of Merryman before the circuit court of the United States for the district of Maryland, at Baltimore, on Monday, May 27th. The chief justice issued the writ on Sunday! On Monday Colonel Lee, aide-de-camp to General Cadwallader, appeared in the court and said that General Cadwallader's other engagements prevented his appearing in person, but had sent him to express the general's regrets and read the chief justice a letter, which the aide proceeded to do. The general said that Merryman had been arrested for open and avowed hostility to the United States, and that he had been *authorized by the President of the United States to suspend the writ of habeas corpus* in such cases, which he had done. The chief justice ordered an attachment to issue against General Cadwallader and sent the marshal of the court to arrest the general and bring him before the Court. Upon the marshal's proceeding to Fort McHenry with a few deputy marshals he sent in his card and official designation through the sentry at the gate to the commanding officer. After a reasonable time the messenger came back with the message that there was no answer to the marshal's card and that he would not be permitted to enter the fort. The marshal made return of these facts to the court, and the chief justice directed the clerk to make an entry on the record of the court that the writ of habeas corpus having been disobeyed by General Cadwallader, an attachment for contempt had issued against him, which he had resisted, having a superior force at his command to any which the court or its marshal could control, and he subsequently filed his opinion in the case, in which he demonstrated beyond a cavil that the President of the United States has and can have no authority at

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any time, under any circumstances, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and directed the entire record to be certified to the President of the United States for his information and action.

On the 14th of May the legislature adjourned, and Ross Winans, a member of the house of delegates from Baltimore City—the head of the firm of Ross Winans & Co., the greatest manufacturers of locomotive engines and railroad cars in the world—was arrested by General Butler at the Relay House on his way home. Ross Winans was not only a man of great wealth, one of the millionaires of the day, but he was a man whose moral character, whose genius, whose breadth of mind and greatness of heart, whose culture and whose courage would have made him distinguished in any country in the world. His arrest was intended to terrorize the State. It had the effect of rousing it like the long roll. The legislature, at its adjourned session of June 22d, declared that “The unconstitutional and arbitrary proceedings of the Federal executive have not been confined to the violation of the personal rights and liberties of the citizens of Maryland, but have been extended into every department of oppressive illegality, so that the property of no man is safe, the sanctity of no dwelling is respected, and the sacredness of private correspondence no longer exists; and,—

“Whereas, the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, recognizing the obligations of the State, as far as in her lies, to protect and defend her people against usurped and arbitrary power, however difficult the fulfillment of that high obligation may be rendered by disastrous circumstances, feel it due to her dignity and independence that history should not record the overthrow of public freedom, for an instant, within her borders, without recording likewise the indignant expression of her resentment and remonstrance;

“Now, therefore, be it resolved, That the senate and house of delegates of Maryland, in the name and on behalf of the good people of the State, do accordingly

register this their earnest and unqualified protest against the oppressive and tyrannical assertion and exercise of military jurisdiction within the limits of Maryland, over the persons and property of her citizens, by the government of the United States, and do solemnly declare the same to be subversive of the most sacred guarantees of the Constitution and in flagrant violation of the fundamental and most cherished principles of American free government."

The legislature of Maryland was composed of brave, high-minded and patriotic men, but it was dominated by the spirit of conservatism, which cannot understand how anything can be right which is unlawful, nor any process expedient or necessary which is illegal. The conservatives never could, never did understand that they were in the midst of a revolution. They stood by constitutional rights. They held on to the claim of constitutional guarantees—to habeas corpus—to trial by jury—to free speech—to law—until they and their constitutional guarantees were landed in Fort Lafayette or the military prisons in New York and Boston. They stood by their faith then and never ceased to protest that they could not be imprisoned without warrant, nor held without bail. They were right in doctrine, but they were imprisoned and held.

The minority party in the State, the party of action in the legislature, never hoped for the secession of the State after the delay of Virginia. After the 24th of May Maryland was a Federal garrison. But they did hope for action—a league offensive and defensive with Virginia, with all that that implied. They introduced into the legislature a bill to provide for a committee of safety to be elected by the legislature, to which should be committed the duty of defending the State and her people and to exercise all the powers of government. The bill appropriated \$5,000,000 to be applied by the committee of safety for the defense of the State. The banks in Baltimore had raised \$500,000 for the defense of the city

in three hours, and the banks of the State would have supplied \$5,000,000 for the defense of the State in a week. The plan of the projectors of the committee of safety was to arm the militia. They expected to equip forty thousand men as promptly as the Northern States had armed and equipped their volunteers, and they knew that Maryland volunteers would take arms as quickly as those of Massachusetts and Ohio. They did not propose to carry the State out of the Union, but they intended to arm their young men and command the peace in the State. When that failed, as fail they knew it would, the State would be represented by forty thousand armed and equipped volunteers who would carry her flag in the front line and would make her one of the Confederate States in fact, if not in name.

These were the intentions of Captain Johnson and men of his age in the legislature and in the State, and they were constant and ardent in pressing them in the general assembly. The Conservatives, however, preferred the processes of the law, and could not understand how force could decide questions of right. It would be better to bring trespass *quare clausum* against Butler at the Relay for digging trenches and piling up earthworks, to sue out injunctions against illegal arrests and a mandamus to make Cadwallader respect Taney's writ of habeas corpus!

The committee on Federal relations agreed on their report May 7th that it was inexpedient to take any steps toward the organization and arming of the militia, though it was not made until the 10th. But on the 8th Johnson and his company marched to Virginia. At the Point of Rocks he arranged with Capt. James Ashby to ride into Frederick, seize the governor and carry him off to Virginia and thus break up the State government and throw it into the hands of the legislature, who would be obliged to take charge during the interregnum. A notice to this effect was sent to the leaders in the

legislature and they promptly dispatched T. Parkin Scott, member from Baltimore City, to Johnson, then on the Maryland Heights with the Maryland battalion, demanding that he cease his enterprises and let them alone. He obeyed them and they went to prison; while he went into the field.

The battalion at Harper's Ferry was helpless. Company A was the only company that pretended to be armed, and it carried Hall's carbines, which had been procured in Baltimore by its captain. This arm was the original breechloader manufactured at Harper's Ferry for the United States army, and was so inefficient that it was promptly condemned and discarded. Hence it was sold cheap to innocent militiamen. But the others didn't have even these worthless carbines. They had rushed off from home, fired by the enthusiasm of those days in Baltimore, had stolen rides on the cars or had walked to Point of Rocks and to Harper's Ferry where they were fed. Provisions were plenty, but they had no clothes, blankets, tents, cooking utensils—nothing that soldiers need and must have to be of any service. They had no government to appeal to for arms. In fact, they were outlaws from their own State government. They were too proud to go back home; stay and fight they would and must. All around them were warm-hearted comrades who shared their blankets with them at night and their rations by day. Unless something could be done to keep them together, unless they could be armed, equipped and legally organized, they must inevitably dissolve, be absorbed in surrounding commands, and thus Maryland lose her main hope and best chance to be represented by her own sons, bearing her flag in the army of the Confederate States.

At this crisis Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson came forward and offered to go to North Carolina and apply there for arms and equipment. She was the daughter of the Hon. Romulus M. Saunders, for a generation a lead-

ing and distinguished member of Congress from North Carolina, and by appointment of Polk, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Spain, with a special mandate to purchase Cuba and pay one hundred millions for it. His young daughters were with him and were introduced to court and presented to the queen. There they became intimate with Eugenie de Montijo, countess de Teba, who afterward became empress of the French. Mrs. Johnson was then in the prime of her youth, handsome, graceful, accomplished. She had left her comfortable home in Frederick with her little boy, a lad five years old, to follow her husband. She now volunteered to serve him. She was the only hope of Maryland. Captain Johnson applied to Colonel Jackson for advice in this emergency. Jackson ordered that Mrs. Johnson be furnished with escort and transportation and that she start at once. On May 24, 1861, she left the camp of Companies A and B at the Point of Rocks, escorted by Capt. Wilson Carey Nicholas, Company G, and Second-Lieut. G. M. E. Shearen, Company A, to go to Raleigh via Richmond. At Leesburg they found that Alexandria had that day been occupied by the Federals and thus communication southward cut. Returning, she and her staff went up to Harper's Ferry and thence by Winchester and Strasburg and Manassas Junction to Richmond and Raleigh, where she arrived on the night of the 27th. The next morning, accompanied by her father and her escort, she applied to Gov. Thomas H. Ellis and the council of state for arms for her husband and his men. There were on that council some plain countrymen, in their home spun, but they bore hearts of gold. It was a picturesque incident. Here this elegant, graceful, refined young lady, whose family was known to every man of them, and to some of whom she was personally known—there the circle of grave, plain old men taking in every word she uttered, watching every movement. Her father, Judge Saun-

ders, one of the most illustrious citizens of the State, as simple, direct, frank a gentleman as ever lived, had put his daughter forward to tell her plain story in the fewest and simplest words possible. She said: "Governor and gentlemen, I left my husband and his comrades in Virginia. They have left their homes in Maryland to fight for the South, but they have no arms, and I have come to my native State to beg my own people to help us. Give arms to my husband and his comrades, so that he can help you!"

"Madam," said one of the council, old, venerable and gray-haired, slapping his thigh with a resounding blow,—"Madam, you shall have everything that this State can give." And the order was made then and there, on the spot, at the instant, that she should be supplied with five hundred Mississippi rifles and ten thousand cartridges, with necessary equipments. This at the time when, in the language of the day, every cartridge was worth a dollar.

But her visit and her errand lighted the greatest enthusiasm among her fellow countrymen. The constitutional convention of North Carolina was then in session. It was the most illustrious body of Carolinians that ever assembled. The members of it called a meeting at night in the capitol, under the leadership of Hon. Weldon H. Edwards, president of the convention, Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin of the supreme court of the State, her father, Judge Saunders, and others. The meeting was held in the hall of the house of commons, was presided over by ex-Gov. Thomas S. Reid and was attended with great enthusiasm. The cause of the Marylanders was espoused with ardor, the meeting making a liberal contribution of money on the spot. Hon. Kenneth Raynor, ex-member of Congress, addressing the meeting, said:

"If great events produce great men—so in the scene before us we have proof that great events produce great

women. It was one that partook more of the romance than of the realities of life. One of our own daughters, raised in the lap of luxury, blessed with the enjoyment of all the elements of elegance and ease, had quit her peaceful home, followed her husband to the camp, and leaving him in that camp, has come to the home of her childhood to seek aid for him and his comrades, not because he is her husband, but because he is fighting the battles of his country, against a tyrant."

He paid a high tribute to the patriotism and love of liberty which eminently characterized the people of Maryland. "They were fighting our battles," he said, "with halters round their necks."

On the 29th Mrs. Johnson left Raleigh with her escort and her arms, and her route was a continued ovation. At every town, at every station, the people had gathered to see the woman who was arming her husband's regiment, and they overwhelmed her with enthusiasm and hearty sympathy. At Petersburg a substantial sum of money was handed to her, and stopping at Richmond she procured from John Letcher, governor of Virginia, a supply of camp-kettles, hatchets, axes, etc., and with the money in her hands, ordered forty-one wall tents made at once. On the 31st of May she left Richmond with her arms, ammunition and supplies. At Manassas Beauregard gave her an order to take any train she might find necessary for transportation and to hold all trains subject to her orders. She rode in the freight car on her boxes of rifles. Companies A and B had during her absence been moved up to Harper's Ferry to unite with the rest of the command, and on June 3, 1861, after an absence of ten days from camp, she returned and delivered to her husband the results of her energy, devotion and enthusiasm. The following receipt from the chief of ordnance of Stonewall Jackson's command has probably no parallel in the history of war:

"Received, Ordnance Department, Harper's Ferry, Va., June 3, 1861, of Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, Five Hundred Mississippi rifles (cal. 54) Ten Thousand cartridges and Thirty-five Hundred caps.

G. N. COCHRANE, Master of Ordnance."

Such an incident of courage, of heroism, of devotion and of enthusiasm thrilled that army through every rank and fiber. Colonel Jackson, then in command at Harper's Ferry, afterwards the world-famous "Stonewall," called on her, with his staff, and thanked her. The officers of the battalion in meeting:

"Resolved—That the thanks of the Maryland Line be tendered to Mrs. Captain Bradley T. Johnson for her earnest, patriotic and successful efforts in arming and equipping the Maryland Line.

"Resolved—That we, the officers, pledge ourselves and for our men that the arms she has obtained shall at the close of the war be returned to the State of North Carolina, without stain or dishonor.

"Resolved—That these resolutions be signed by the officers of the meeting and presented to Mrs. Johnson.

JAMES R. HERBERT, President.

I. G. W. HARRIOTT, Secretary."

She forthwith returned to Richmond for clothes and the tents. She secured cloth for uniforms, by permission of Governor Letcher, by purchasing it from the mills where it was manufactured for the State of Virginia, and she paid for making it up into uniforms. Shoes, blankets and underclothes were supplied by Col. Larkin Smith, quartermaster-general; and the tents had been ordered on her way back from North Carolina. On June 29th she started back for camp with forty-one tents, and uniforms, underclothes and shoes for five hundred men. She had paid out ten thousand dollars, the contribution of enthusiastic North Carolinians and Virginians.

CHAPTER IV.

MARYLANDERS ENLIST, AND ORGANIZE TO DEFEND VIRGINIA AND THE CONFEDERACY.

WHILE these events were occurring at Harper's Ferry, considerable numbers of Marylanders were rendezvousing at Richmond. The enrolled men commanded by Colonel Trimble, called out by the board of police commissioners, were drilled in a more or less efficient way in Baltimore, until the meeting of the legislature at Frederick, when they were disbanded. Johnson's company, at the same time, having left Frederick and gone to the Point of Rocks, furnished the nucleus around which gathered the men thus dismissed by the police authorities. They formed the eight companies mustered into the service of the Confederate States by Lieutenant-Colonel George Deas. But the volunteer companies, the Baltimore City Guard, the Maryland Guard, the Independent Grays, were as well instructed, as well officered as any American volunteers ever are, and some of them had historical reputations to maintain, for their companies had fought at North Point. They, therefore, regarded themselves as superior to the undrilled crowd that Captain Johnson was "licking into shape at Harper's Ferry," as they put it, and proceeded to Richmond, where they at once put themselves in accord with the Virginia authorities. Marylanders were to be embodied into three regiments, armed and mustered into the service of Virginia, who was to adopt them. In carrying out this plan Governor Letcher issued commissions to Francis Q. Thomas, ex-captain United States army, as colonel of the First; to Bradley T. Johnson as lieutenant-colonel of the Second, and to Alden

Weston, major of the Third. It was in the plan to consolidate these three into one if they failed to fill up into full regiments. Captain Johnson promptly declined the commission sent him by Governor Letcher, refusing to enter the military service of Virginia on the distinct ground that Maryland must be represented by Maryland regiments, and for Marylanders to accept service under Virginia would be to sacrifice the rights of the State to the services of her own sons. It was their duty, he believed, to give their own State the benefit of their service and of such reputation as they might be fortunate enough to win. Following this line of duty, he had caused the eight Harper's Ferry companies to be mustered into the army of the Confederate States, and he urged by every means in his power the consolidation of all Marylanders into the Maryland Line. This proved to be utterly impracticable. They were all volunteers; away from home there was no State sentiment, no home opinion to direct or control their conduct, and they selected their associates and comrades from contiguity, from friendship and from relationship. Men of Maryland descent were scattered all over the Confederacy, and thousands of young men who got through the lines sought out their relations and kinsmen in nearly every regiment of the army. The Maryland Line was the ideal of Lieut.-Col. George H. Steuart and of Maj. Bradley T. Johnson, and for two years they labored to collect the Marylanders. All influences from home were directed to the same end. The flag, made in Baltimore and brought over by Hetty Carey, was inscribed "First Regiment Maryland Line." But not until 1863 was any considerable force embodied under that name.

In the early summer of 1861 the way to Virginia was open and thousands of ardent youth left home and friends to fight for the South. In a few months, however, Maryland was hermetically sealed. Her bays were patrolled by gun boats, her rivers were picketed, and a

barrier of bayonets sought to keep back the current of sympathy that day and night flowed to the South. All over the State, the women, irrepressible as ever in times of excitement, flaunted the Confederate red and white in the faces of the army of occupation. The babies wore red and white socks, the girls red and white ribbons—with red and white bouquets at their girdles and on their hearts, the young lads red and white cravats. The larger boys were sent South by their mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Regular lines of communication were established, with stations and pass words and signs for the “underground,” as it was called. They made their way by steamer down to the Patuxent—on to the eastern shore. They bought, “borrowed” or “captured” small boats, sail or with oars, and they put out in the darkness over the waters to find the way to Dixie. The gun boats searched bay and inlet with their strong lights and their small boats. Sometimes they caught the emigrés and more frequently they did not. When they did the Old Capitol and Point Look-out military prisons were the swift doom of the unfortunates, where they languished for months, half clad and nearly starved. This blockade running went on over the Potomac from the Chesapeake to the District of Columbia, right under the surveillance of the Federal authorities. When the watch became too vigilant and the pickets too close along the rivers, the Marylanders made their way up through the western part of the State, where the sentiment was generally Union, and forded the river from Hancock up to the mountains. Working through the mountains of West Virginia, through the perils of the bushwhackers and Union men, ten thousand times worse than from Union pickets, they made their way, ragged, barefoot, starving, down to some camp in the valley of Virginia, where they were welcomed with warm hearts and open hands. During all that time the condition of the Southern people of Maryland was like that of the Cavaliers during the Puritan domination in

England. They were tied to home by a thousand imperative duties, but their hearts were "over the water with Charlie." Every Southern family had a son over there. Every Southern woman, young or old, had her heart there with lover or brother or son. There were few husbands, for the enlisted Marylanders were generally youths unmarried. The field officers, Elzey, Steuart and Johnson, were the only married officers of the First Maryland regiment.

Social life in Baltimore was almost obliterated. Spies, male and female, of all social ranks, permeated everything. You could not tell whether the servant behind your chair at dinner, or the lady by your side, whom you had taken to the table, were not in the employ of the Federal provost-marshal. But force never compels ideas, and hearts are beyond the power of bayonets. During all that period, when nurses were arrested because the babies in their arms wore red and white socks, when young ladies were marched to the guard-house because they crossed the street rather than pass under the Union flag suspended over it as sign and proof of domination—during all that red time communication with Richmond was incessant and reliable. Word would be passed by a nod on the street, by a motion of the hand, and time and place given in a breath. And in one of the parlors of one of the greatest houses of the town, blazing with every luxury that wealth and culture could buy, one or two score beautiful women would meet, doors and windows sealed, to see the messenger and to hear the news "from Dixie." Every story of a Maryland boy who had died in battle for the right, every exploit of a Marylander that had thrilled the army, every achievement of the First Regiment of the Line, was recited and repeated and gone over, until human nature could stand no more, and "In Dixie's land I'll take my stand, and live and die for Dixie" would burst from the throng and make indistinct vibrations on the outer air. At

one of these mystic meetings of the faithful at the Winns house, on Monument street, the messenger produced James R. Randall's grand war song—"My Maryland." It was read aloud and reread until sobs and inarticulate moans choked utterance. Hetty Carey was then in the prime of her first youth, with a perfect figure, exquisite complexion, the hair that Titian loved to paint, a brilliant intellect, grace personified, and a disposition the most charming—she was the most beautiful woman of the day and perhaps the most beautiful that Maryland has ever produced. Her sister, Jenny Carey, was next to her in everything, but Hetty Carey had no peer. While this little coterie of beautiful women were throbbing over Randall's heroic lines, Hetty Carey said: "That must be sung. Jenny, get an air for it!" and Jenny at the piano struck the chorus of the college song, "Gaudeamus igitur," and the great war anthem, "Maryland, My Maryland," was born into the world. It went through the city like fire in the dry grass. The boys beat it on their toy drums, the children shrilled it at their play, and for a week all the power of the provost-marshal and the garrison and the detectives could not still the refrain—

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,

Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,

Maryland!"

for it was in the hearts of the people and it was true!

The rendezvous of the drilled volunteers produced three crack companies under Capt. E. R. Dorsey, Baltimore City Guards; Capt. Wm. H. Murray, Maryland Guards, and Capt. J. Lyle Clarke, Independent Grays. And soon after was organized another company under Capt. Michael Stone Robertson, of Charles county, whose company came from the counties of St. Mary's, Calvert and Charles. These Richmond companies were mustered into the service of Virginia, May 17th and 18th and June 17th. Captain Clarke elected to take his company

into the Twenty-first Virginia regiment. It served its year with great éclat and was the crack company of that part of the army. The other three were united to the battalion at Harper's Ferry. Virginia troops had by that time been taken *en masse* into the army of the Confederacy. That battalion was reorganized into six companies, so as to equalize them above the minimum required by the law of the Confederacy, and thus the First Maryland regiment was formed, with Capt. Arnold Elzey, late United States artillery, as colonel; Capt. George H. Steuart, late United States cavalry, as lieutenant-colonel, and Bradley T. Johnson as major. It consisted of 500 men armed with Mrs. Johnson's rifles, calibre 54, and 220 men (the three Richmond companies) with Springfield muskets and bayonets. The drill and style of the Richmond companies set the standard for the rest, and during their whole service there never was anything but the most devoted comradeship and the most generous feeling. The only rivalry was "Who shall get there first!"

Soon afterward Capt. R. Snowden Andrews mustered into Confederate service his battery, which during the next four years won undying fame on a hundred fields as the First Maryland artillery. Next came the Baltimore light artillery, known later as the Second Maryland, Capt. John B. Brockenbrough. The Latrobe artillery, Third Maryland, Capt. Henry B. Latrobe; and the Chesapeake, Fourth Maryland, Capt. William Brown, were organized and mustered into the service early in 1862 and served with distinction, the Third Maryland in the army of the Southwest with Johnston and Kirby Smith, and the Fourth Maryland in the army of Northern Virginia. Capt. George R. Gaither brought to Virginia a part of the Howard Dragoons, a troop of which he had been captain in Howard county, with horses, arms and accoutrements, and mustered them into the First Virginia cavalry, Col. J. E. B. Stuart, as

Company K of that élite corps. A troop of cavalry composed of Marylanders was mustered into the Sixth Virginia under Capt. J. Sturgis Davis. Subsequently five troops of Marylanders were collected under Davis and were known as the Davis Battalion, of which he was commissioned major. Capt. Elijah V. White, of Montgomery county, organized a dashing troop of Marylanders as escort and headquarters guard for General Ewell, which was afterwards enlarged into the Thirty-fifth Virginia battalion, commanded by Lieut.-Col. "Lije" White. It was a Maryland command. Harry Gilmore in the valley of Virginia in 1863-64 collected a number of Marylanders into troops and formed a battalion known as the Second Maryland, or Gilmore's battalion, of which he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel. He and they operated in the valley of Virginia and rived Mosby by their daring exploits behind the enemy's lines and against his supply trains; and in the lower valley, operating against and breaking the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, occupied and kept employed a large body of the enemy's infantry and cavalry from Harper's Ferry to the Ohio river. In December, 1860, South Carolina had sent a recruiting officer to Baltimore, and he enlisted there and sent to Charleston five hundred men who were placed in the Lucas battalion of artillery and Rhett's First South Carolina artillery. They served with fidelity, gallantry and distinction in the defense of Fort Sumter, for a large part of the garrison of that fortress during its bombardment were Marylanders.

During the autumn of 1862 seven troops of Marylanders were collected under Lieut.-Col. Ridgely Brown, from Montgomery county, as the First Maryland cavalry. When the First regiment was mustered out of service August 12, 1862, on account of its depleted ranks, which had been worn threadbare by Jackson's Valley campaign and the Seven Days battles, the men who were mustered out were largely collected by Captains Her-

bert, Murray and Goldsborough, who formed three new companies, which with others formed the Second Maryland infantry battalion, of which Herbert became lieutenant-colonel commanding, and Goldsborough major. The Second Maryland was officered by trained and experienced soldiers. Almost every one of its captains had seen more than one year's service in the army of northern Virginia, and its field officers had been among the brightest captains in the "Old First," as the First regiment was always designated in the hearts and words of its old members. The Second Maryland infantry and the First Maryland cavalry were in the valley of Virginia about Harrisonburg in the winter of 1862 and 1863. Co. F of the cavalry was recruited by three rich young Baltimoreans—Augustus F. Schwartz, captain; C. Irving Ditty, first lieutenant, and Fielder C. Slinghoff, second lieutenant. They furnished uniforms, horses, accoutrements and arms for their company at an immense expense, for everything except horses had to be smuggled through the blockade from Baltimore.

In January, 1862, Elzey and the field officers of the First having been promoted at First Manassas, July 31, 1861, Colonel Steuart, while on leave at Richmond, procured an order to be issued by the adjutant-general of the Confederate States, that all Marylanders on application to the adjutant-general would be transferred to the Maryland Line, then consisting of the First regiment, in the army of the Potomac under Joe Johnston at Manassas. This measure resulted in no practical, good result. The Marylanders were generally quick, bright, valuable young fellows, and commanding officers were not willing to part with them. Many were taken on the staff, commissioned and non-commissioned, at division, brigade and regimental headquarters, and when one did apply in writing for a transfer, his paper was pigeon-holed and lost on its way up to the adjutant-general. The order added very few men to the Maryland Line.

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CHAPTER V.

MARYLANDERS IN THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1861.

WHEN Virginia became one of the Confederate States by the vote of her people, May 24, 1861, the Confederate government, Mr. Jefferson Davis being President, removed to Richmond from Montgomery, Ala., and assumed the charge of military operations all over the Confederacy. The fixed idea of President Davis was that the first necessity was to save the Confederate States from invasion; for invasion, he argued, would demoralize the negro population and make inefficient the labor of the South behind the armies, which must rely on slave labor for food and clothes. Therefore the Confederate government undertook to cover the entire front, from the Chesapeake bay to the western frontier. In carrying out this strategy, armies were collected in Virginia at Norfolk; at Aquia Creek on the Potomac; at Manassas Junction, thirty miles from Alexandria; at Harper's Ferry, the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac and the mouth or entrance of the valley of Virginia; and at Grafton, west of the mountains on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. At Harper's Ferry the Potomac and Shenandoah break through the Blue Ridge and form a gorge of surpassing grandeur and picturesqueness. Mr. Jefferson once said in his notes of Virginia that the view from Loudoun heights on the Virginia side was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. The Virginians never got over it. Harper's Ferry was Thermopylæ and Mont Blanc combined. It was an impregnable fortress of nature. John Brown agreed with them—about the only thing he did agree with them about—and seized Harper's Ferry as the base of his

proposed negro insurrection in 1859. So the very first step taken in Virginia, after secession was agreed to, was the seizure of Harper's Ferry. Governor Letcher ordered the volunteers of the valley there within five hours after the convention passed the ordinance of secession on April 17th, and about dusk on the 18th, the Second Virginia regiment, Colonel Allen, with several detached companies and with James Ashby's and Welby Carter's troops of cavalry from Fauquier and Loudoun, took possession of the place, with its workshops and machinery. The Union officer that was posted there as the regular guard with a detachment of half a hundred infantry, retired after having set fire to the armory, where a large number of muskets were stored, and to the storehouses and machine shops. The Virginians got in in time to save most of the buildings and the machinery, and a large lot of gunstocks was afterwards shipped to Fayetteville, N. C., for the Confederate armory at that place.

Col. Thomas J. Jackson, a professor of the Virginia military institute, was assigned to command the post, which the Virginia authorities considered the one of greatest importance, responsibility and danger; for it was to protect the valley of Virginia from the Potomac to the North Carolina and Tennessee line. Virginia troops were poured into the place. Captain Johnson, as we have seen, procured from Colonel Jackson permission to rendezvous the Marylanders there and at the Point of Rocks, and by June 1st had collected about five hundred men. As soon as Virginia had joined the Confederacy, President Davis, equally impressed with the value and importance of this Thermopylæ, assigned to command it Gen. Joseph Eggleston Johnston, the second in rank of the generals of the Confederate army. Johnston ranked next to Lee, but was his equal in experience in war. He was a Virginian by birth and blood, and knew all about the Virginia fetish about Harper's Ferry.

While the President was pouring troops from Arkansas, from Mississippi, from Alabama, from South Carolina, into Harper's Ferry, Johnston knew that it was a trap, a deadfall, for the soldier who attempted to hold it. It was commanded on the east by the Maryland heights beyond the Potomac, and on the south by heights on the other side of the Shenandoah.

The Confederate States government was then offering every inducement for Maryland to join it. It exempted Maryland from its declaration of war against the United States, and it was tender of her territory and her feelings. When, therefore, Johnston saw the absolute necessity of holding Maryland heights, he saved the invasion of Maryland by sending Marylanders to occupy the position. He ordered Captain Johnson with his eight companies, and Col. Blanton Duncan with his First Kentucky regiment, to take the Maryland heights, fortify and hold them. They did so while Johnston strained every nerve to strip Harper's Ferry of everything that could be made of use to the Confederacy. By June 15th he had cleared out the place, brought the Marylanders and the Kentuckians from the mountains and evacuated Harper's Ferry. A large Federal army had been collected at Chambersburg, Pa., thirty miles to the north of Johnston, under command of Major-General Patterson. For several days Patterson had given signs of restlessness unmistakable to an old soldier of Johnston's caliber, and the very day Johnston moved out of Harper's Ferry, Patterson marched south from Chambersburg. The former moved to Charlestown, Va., the latter to Hagerstown, Md. On June 17th, Patterson crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and Johnston went into line of battle at Bunker Hill, a place halfway between Martinsburg and Winchester. The Confederates were delighted at the prospects of another battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June. But a large portion of Patterson's army were sixty-day men, and when their

time expired they marched home, General Patterson and the remnant of his troops following in such temper as they might to the Maryland side. Patterson having re-crossed the Potomac, Johnston fell back to Winchester, where he proceeded to organize his incongruous troops into brigades and divisions. One brigade, the Fourth, was formed of the First Maryland, the Tenth and the Thirteenth Virginia and the Third Tennessee, and Col. Arnold Elzey of the First Maryland was assigned to command it. The Fourth and Third brigades constituted a division under the command of Brig.-Gen. E. Kirby Smith. The field officers of the First Maryland were commissioned to date from June 17, 1861. The first duty the regiment was set to perform under its new field officers was on the day after the arrival at Winchester. On June 19th, Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart was directed to return to Harper's Ferry by railroad train and complete the destruction of the shops and Federal property left on the evacuation of the 15th. This duty Colonel Steuart executed with great intelligence. Instead of burning up a great magazine of seasoned and shaped gunstocks, which he found abandoned, he loaded the whole outfit on a train of cars and hauled them back with his command to Winchester. The service was so valuable and so exceedingly sensible that the commanding general rewarded it with a special order of approbation. Steuart and the Marylanders enjoyed the unique distinction of being probably the only command that was ever decorated by a special order for *disobedience of orders*. General Johnston had sent them on this detail with distinct and positive orders to burn everything burnable. They brought off a train-load of most valuable plunder, and the commanding general honored them thus:

“Headquarters, Winchester, June 22, 1861.
Special Order.

The commanding general thanks Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart and the Maryland regiment for the faithful and

exact manner in which they carried out his orders of the 19th instant at Harper's Ferry.

He is glad to learn that owing to their discipline, no private property was injured, and no unoffending citizen disturbed. The soldierly qualities of the Maryland regiment will not be forgotten in the day of action.

By order of Gen. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON."

The Confederate strategy in the early part of 1861 was to hold armies, or army corps, within supporting distance of each other along the exposed frontier of Virginia. If one army was attacked the corps to the right and left of it was to move promptly to its assistance. Patterson, after retiring beyond the Potomac, was heavily reinforced and recrossed the river, threatening Johnston at Winchester. Johnston, on the other hand, covered his front so thoroughly with cavalry patrols and pickets as to interpose an impenetrable veil between Patterson and himself.

On July 18, 1861, General McDowell moved out of Alexandria on Beauregard at Fairfax Court House. Beauregard retired behind Bull Run. McDowell on the 19th made a heavy reconnoissance in force and found Beauregard's position. The latter called on Johnston for help. He left Winchester in the morning of the 18th and marched to Piedmont, on the Manassas Gap railroad, whence his troops were hurried by rail to Manassas Junction. In the meantime McDowell had thrown his right around Beauregard's left, turned his position, and at daylight of the 21st attacked him, driving everything before him as he marched down the right bank of Bull Run. By midday the Confederates were in retreat, their line broken and their position forced. About noon, the Fourth brigade, Colonel Elzey, arrived at the junction of the Manassas Gap and Orange & Alexandria railroads. The command was at once disembarked. McDowell's heavy guns were pounding away toward the east, the first hostile fire the men had ever heard. They were formed: First Maryland on the right, Third Ten-

nessee, Tenth Virginia, Thirteenth Virginia. By the time they were ready to move, Kirby Smith rode up in a strain of tense excitement. He assumed charge of the brigade. The other part of his division was not up—"The watchword is Sumter, the signal is this," throwing his right hand to his forehead, palm outwards. "Go where the fire is hottest; forward march!"

The excitement of the first fight, the growing fire, the spreading volleys, braced up the men. At the order "double-quick" they struck out in a trot, down by the junction, past the cluster of huts and houses, thence straight as the crow flies toward "where the fire was hottest." After a run of a few miles the column was halted to breathe and load. Then on again. Wounded men coming back cried, "Go back. We are all cut to pieces. Go back. You'll all get killed!" But the Fourth brigade kept steadily on. As it passed a clump of pines on the right, a sharp volley from a squad of the Brooklyn Zouaves knocked General Smith over the neck of his horse and Elzey resumed command. By that time the day had advanced to three or four o'clock. The field was dotted with retreating men, hurrying ambulances, flying wagons. Just to the right was a squad of cavalry. A shell burst over them and the cavalry scattered. Running over two lines lying in ranks on the ground, still Elzey pressed on to the left. Entering a wood, beyond which was heavy musketry firing, he formed line of battle. Smith at Manassas had detached A. P. Hill with the Thirteenth Virginia to hold one of the fords of Bull Run. With three regiments remaining Elzey pressed straight to the front. Getting nearly through the wood, he halted inside the edge of it. In front were a branch and a worm fence; beyond it an open field gently rising for four hundred yards into a considerable elevation. On the ridge stood a line of battle. Uniforms were no designation, as the line showed no colors. Cried Elzey to his aide-de-camp, Charles Couter, of Prince George's,

Maryland: "Couter, give me a glass—give me a glass, quick." Just at that instant the breeze blew out the flag on the hill. It was the stars and stripes. "Fire!" cried Elzey, and the whole line delivered its volley. "Charge!" he shouted. The Marylanders had six companies of Mississippi rifles and three companies of bayonets. But over the fence the whole line went with a yell—up the hill—through the Yankee line, or rather where it had been. It had gone, dissolved into mist. Elzey pressed right on. He was behind McDowell's right and he never stopped to draw breath. The whole Union line crumpled up, and First Manassas was won. As the Maryland colonel rode proudly down on the right of his line, Beauregard dashed up, filled with enthusiasm—"Hail! Elzey, Blucher of the day!" and in a moment President Davis came up with General Johnston. "*General Elzey*, I congratulate you," said the man who made generals. Elzey was promoted brigadier-general, Steuart colonel, Johnson lieutenant-colonel, and E. R. Dorsey, captain Company C, major—all to date from July 21st, the day of the great victory.

The First Maryland was pushed on in pursuit of the rout over the Stone bridge and along the turnpike until dark, and then hastily recalled to Blackburn's ford to meet an apprehended attack. Next, moving at daylight, it went out with the First Virginia cavalry under Col. J. E. B. Stuart to Fairfax Court House, when, for the first time, the extent of the disaster to the Union army was understood and appreciated. During the night of the 21st no one had any idea of the ruin and rout that overwhelmed the enemy. On the march of the 22nd, J. E. B. Stuart, an Indian fighter, could not believe his eyes, nor the reports his scouts brought him. The roads, the woods, the fields were filled with inconceivable débris—overturned carriages, ambulances, artillery limbers, lunch baskets, champagne, even gold pieces were found, and Stuart suspected it was a ruse to lure him into an

ambush. As the morning wore on, however, the thing became too plain to doubt, and Fairfax Court House settled it. The court house and yard were packed full of new tents, new overcoats, new uniforms. The infantry went into camp, and cavalry scouts pursued their way down to the suburbs of Alexandria, and by night Stuart reported to Johnston and Beauregard that there was no organized force south of the Potomac.

This is no place to discuss the reasons why the Confederates did not take Washington on the 23rd of July, 1861. Two days' march would have brought them to the Long Bridge, J. E. B. Stuart could have occupied it by noon of the 22nd, and the army could have marched comfortably over it. It is easy to see all this now. It was not so apparent on the 22nd of July. The Fourth brigade, Colonel Elzey, reached the Court House the afternoon of the 22nd, where the First Maryland had preceded them, and the command went into camp at Fairfax Station, a few miles distant.

The whole army passed the rest of the summer in drills, in marches, in sudden alarms, in being instructed in the duties of a soldier—first and most important of which is to know how to make bread. Bad cooking that summer killed more than Yankee bullets. But the Marylanders were full of spirit. They sang, they yelled, they shouted, they romped like a pack of schoolboys, and they were pets in the army. If a quick march was to be made, the Marylanders were sent on it. If a surprise was planned by J. E. B. Stuart and the cavalry, the Maryland regiment was ordered to support him, and to this day the survivors remember an eighteen-mile march through the rain and mud to catch a regiment of Yankee cavalry at Pohick Church, which had strayed that far into the woods and which Stuart proposed "to lose" with the help of the First Maryland. They mustered seven hundred and twenty rifles and muskets. Their uniform was a French kepi (a little gray cap), a natty gray round-

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about, collar and sleeves bound with black braid, and a similar stripe down the gray trousers. They were all boys. The age of the First Maryland rank and file would not have averaged nineteen, nor their height over five feet eight, nor their weight above one hundred and thirty-five pounds. They were generally beardless boys, with the spirits, the enthusiasm, the devotion of boys. A large per cent were gentlemen by birth and culture. All were gentlemen at heart and principle. Exiles from home, volunteers to help a friend, staking life for love, they must of necessity have been impressed with an ardent sentimentality and a devotion beyond the ordinary standard of humanity. Around the camp-fires, on the lonely picket, on the march, what recollections of home did they not carry with them, the lengthening chain that time nor distance ever breaks. During the summer they became well drilled. They believed they were the best drilled corps in the army—in either army—in any army for that matter, for the Marylander never loses anything by diffidence or self-depreciation. He always thinks as well of himself as any one ever thinks of him. Beauregard said they marched like Frenchmen. This set them up; but more knowledge would have restrained their self-conceit, for no Frenchmen have ever marched or moved as brightly as they did. Beauregard's compliment was to his own people, not to ours.

Joseph E. Johnston's wife was a Maryland woman, and he, tough old soldier as he was, had a tender spot in his heart for Marylanders, and whenever they passed him at review or on the march, he always had a pleasant word to say about them. It is due to the truth of history to say that during the summer and fall of 1861 the first Maryland regiment became as conceited a set of young blades as ever faced a battery or charged a line of battle.

Variety is a virtue in a soldier. Beauregard wanted a line of Yankee posts along the Potomac overlooking Alexandria seized. It required dash, quickness, unfailing

nerve. J. E. B. Stuart and some troops of cavalry and the First Maryland were sent to do it. Of course they did it, and for a month or two they watched the dome of the Capitol and the marchings up and down of McClellan, in front of Alexandria. Peaches were ripe. They liked peaches. The Yanks held a fine peach orchard in front, so they drove them out, and ate their peaches. The Yanks had some fine beef cattle. The Marylanders drove in their pickets, went inside their lines and got their cattle out and ate them. There was also an assortment of sows and little pigs over there. They went over and got them and had roast pig. In August and September roasting ears are very fine, but require selection to get the tender kind. Just beyond Mason's hill, between the lines, was a cornfield of probably an hundred acres. The Federals held one side, the Marylanders the other, and every morning when the foragers started out to find chickens, ducks, tomatoes, for their messes, the whole command would turn out, deploy themselves as skirmishers, sweep the cornfield, drive in the gentlemen in blue, and pick their roasting ears at their ease. The picket at Munson's and Mason's hills was a picnic, and when their tour of duty—three days—was out, they would petition to be allowed to take the place of their relief and serve double time. Such a curious request was always granted. But the service was good for them. It taught them alertness, promptness, obedience and coolness, for their little skirmishes were not always bloodless and always were spiced with danger. On a dash on Munson's hill—a mile from their post at Mason's—they struck a more obstinate antagonist than usual, who killed Fountain, of Company I, and wounded Hugh Mitchell, first lieutenant of the same company, like Achilles in the heel, and lamed him for life. But the Marylanders, like Colonel Washington at Fort Necessity, thought "there is something charming in the sound of a bullet," and they delighted in that daily music.

After the seizure of Maryland by the Union troops, the process of manacling her went on with celerity and efficiently. A Union regiment, the First Maryland, was recruited with John R. Kenly as colonel. Colonel Kenly had been major of the Maryland-District of Columbia battalion in the Mexican war, and had served with honor to himself, his command and to his State. At Monterey, where Colonel Watson commanding was killed, Major Kenly brought out the shattered remnants of the battalion with great coolness and courage, and no man of his rank came out of that war with more reputation than Major Kenly. He had experience, he had gallantry, he had ability, and he was devoted to the Union. But with this devotion he was above narrow bigotry, which refuses to recognize sincerity, honesty, or unselfishness in his opponent. With a heart absolutely devoid of self-seeking, ignorant of dishonor, or dishonesty, Colonel Kenly furnished as pure a character and as high a type of patriotism as served on either side in that war. He believed it his duty to stand by the Union. He did so like a soldier, like a man of honor, like a patriot, but no act of his ever stained his career, and he left no spot on his escutcheon. He was truly "without fear and without stain." But in pressing the policy initiated by Ben Butler toward Maryland, the Federal authorities promptly carried out the latter's ideas. The "State" of Maryland, where religious liberty and free thought were born in this world, was converted by a general order from headquarters at Washington into "the Department of Annapolis" and Gen. N. P. Banks was assigned to command it vice Cadwallader, relieved, with headquarters at Baltimore. Banks assumed command on June 10th. On the 27th he arrested George P. Kane, marshal of police, and confined him in Fort McHenry.

The police commissioners "protested" against this violation of law, and Banks arrested them and sent them to join Kane. They sent a memorial to Congress and Congress laid it on the table. They applied to the Presi-

dent, and Banks put them on a steamer July 28th and sent them to Fort Lafayette in the harbor of New York. On August 6th Judge Garrison, of a State court in Brooklyn, issued his habeas corpus to Colonel Burke, then commandant of the fort, to produce them in court. Colonel Burke defied the writ, under the orders of Lieutenant-General Scott. Attachment for contempt was then issued against him, and he snapped his fingers at that and booted the marshal out of his presence. Judge Garrison dismissed the proceedings, "submitting to inevitable necessity." So habeas corpus was suspended in the loyal State of New York as well as in the "Department of Annapolis." General Banks appointed Col. John R. Kenly marshal of police, who promptly assumed command of the force in the city of Baltimore, the Union thus assuming control of a city police. The Congress subsequently appropriated money to pay their wages.

On August 7th the legislature passed more eloquent resolutions, protesting against the unconstitutional and illegal acts of President Lincoln, but they are not worth the room it would take to record them. The time for "protests" was past, if it ever had existed, and as the scolding of the Maryland legislature became annoying to the authorities, they determined to suppress the one and thus silence the other. On September 12, 1861, Major-General Dix, commanding in Baltimore, ordered the arrest of the members of the legislature from Baltimore City and the mayor and other obnoxious persons who annoyed him with talk, to-wit: George William Brown, Coleman Yellott, Senator Stephen P. Dennis, Charles H. Pitts, Andrew A. Lynch, Lawrence Langston, H. M. Morfit, Ross Winans, J. Hanson Thomas, W. G. Harrison, John C. Brune, Robert M. Denison, Leonard D. Quinlan, Thomas W. Renshaw, Henry May, member of Congress from the Fourth congressional district, Frank Key Howard, editor of the "Baltimore Exchange," and Thomas W. Hall, editor of the "South." The arrests were made with great secrecy, and it was

intended to send them to the Dry Tortugas, but there being no steamer fit for the voyage in Hampton Roads, they were dispatched to Fort Warren in Boston harbor. Liberty of the press as well as free speech had gone after the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus.

On the 11th of September Simon Cameron, secretary of war, had issued an order to General Banks that the passage of an ordinance of secession by the legislature, which was to assemble at Frederick on September 17th, must be prevented, even if the arrest of the legislature was necessary to accomplish this end. Maj.-Gen. George B. McClellan, then commanding the army of the Potomac, issued his order to General Banks to have everything prepared to arrest the whole party when they assembled. General Banks sent his aide, R. Morris Copeland, to attend to this business, and he accomplished it very successfully, "greatly assisted by several citizens of the place," says the chronicler. Both houses were called to order on the 17th, at 1 p. m., but no quorum appearing, they adjourned until the next day. The climate of Frederick was disagreeable to many of the protesters at that particular season. But Major Copeland was equal to the emergency. He closely picketed the town and held everybody in who was in, and took everybody in who wanted to go out. On the 18th he arrested Milton Y. Kidd, the chief clerk of the house, and his assistant, Thomas H. Moore; William Kilgour, secretary of the senate, and his assistant, L. P. Carmark, and John M. Brewer, reading clerk of the senate, and William E. Salmon, Elbridge G. Kilbourne, Thomas J. Claggett, Philip F. Raisin, Andrew Kessler, Josiah H. Gordon, James W. Maxwell, R. C. McCubbin, George W. Landing, Dr. Bernard Mills, William R. Miller, Clark J. Durant, John I. Heckart and J. Lawrence Jones, members of the house; E. Riley, printer of the house and editor of the "Annapolis Republican," and a number of citizens of Frederick pointed out by the "citizens of the place who were greatly assisting."

CHAPTER VI.

MARYLANDERS IN 1862 UNDER GENERALS JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AND STONEWALL JACKSON.

IN November, 1861, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the Confederate army of the Potomac, withdrew from the posts of Mason's and Munson's Hills, established by Beauregard, having information that McClellan was about to sweep them in. Beauregard had established a capital secret service, and his spies in Washington, in the departments and in McClellan's headquarters, kept his headquarters perfectly advised of the intentions of General McClellan. They had reported in time McDowell's projected movement on Bull Run, which resulted in the first battle of Manassas. In November Johnston withdrew from the line of Fairfax Court House to Centreville, in front of Bull Run, and in a month fell back to Bull Run, where he put his troops in camp for the winter. He made his men cover themselves in log huts, which were comfortable, but too warm and ill-ventilated for troops in the field.

During all this period the Marylanders furnished a singular exception to the rest of the army. The soldiers in the Southern regiments were suffering from mumps, measles and whooping cough, which became epidemic with them; the Thirteenth North Carolina, for instance, which came up after the battle of Manassas thirteen hundred rank and file for duty, became so reduced by these diseases that it could not parade enough men for camp guard, and was sent to the mountains to recruit its sick. But the First Maryland had none of these diseases. It lost a few men, not ten in all, by typhoid fever, but it was exempt from the numerous complaints that afflicted

the troops from further south. Its camp was established on Bull Run just above Union Mills, and it served during the winter with the other regiments of the Fourth brigade, the Tenth and Thirteenth Virginia and the Third Tennessee, picketing the front from Wolf Run Shoals by Burke's Station up toward Fairfax Court House. It was hard service. The men were taken out of warm huts and sent on tours of three days' duty in the open fields or in the woods without shelter. Their huts had been occupied during their absence and they never saw them again. Sleeping on the wet ground in sleet, snow and hail of necessity produced pneumonia and rheumatism. Nevertheless they never lost their gay spirit. Their march to picket and their return were always marked by shouts and yells and songs.

The song of "Maryland" was too solemn for these spirited boys. Its movement was too slow. It was more like a dirge. It had been introduced to them in the most picturesque way. During the summer at Fairfax Station, Hetty, Jenny and Constance Carey, who had run the blockade from Baltimore, came up to visit the regiment. It was full of their brothers, their cousins and their beaux, and these beautiful young women in camp produced an effect on the mercurial Marylanders that can only be imagined, not described. The boys and the officers were on their heads. The young ladies were quartered in the field officers' tents, where they held court for several days. One night the glee club of the regiment was serenading them, when the fly of Colonel Steuart's tent was thrown open and all three appeared, Jenny Carey in the center and her sister Hetty on one side and cousin Constance on the other. Their pure voices rang through the summer night with the words and air of "My Maryland," and no such audience ever inspired songsters before or since. The boys were carried away. Silence, then cheers, then silence, then suppressed and not unmanly sobs attested the power of the

sentiment of love for home. But "Maryland" touched too deeply the feeling of the heart to do for camp or march. "Gay and Happy" was the air that thrilled souls, and it rang like the drum-beat of the assembly or the bugle sound to the charge. So the march of the Marylanders was announced by the ringing song of "Gay and Happy."

Johnston understood perfectly that as soon as the spring sun dried up the roads and the fields of Virginia, McClellan must move on him. The latter had two hundred thousand men, Johnston forty thousand, so for more than a month he was clearing out his camp and sending impedimenta to the rear. Early in March, 1862, he received notice from his spies in Washington that McClellan was about to strike. On the 8th he began his retrograde to the line of the Rappahannock, still keeping his pickets out on their usual posts, to present the appearance of being in the same position and to prevent intelligence leaking through to the Union commander. Early on the morning of the 9th the first battalion of the First Maryland, four companies, under Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson moved out to Burke's Station to relieve the Thirteenth Virginia, whose term of picket had expired. They reached Burke's before noon and Johnson reported to Walker of the Thirteenth that he was ready to relieve him. The two officers rode along the line, posting the reliefs and sending the Virginians back to their camp, when all at once on the opposite line of hills appeared a line of skirmishers, and simultaneously a squadron of cavalry rattled down the road. Company F, First Lieut. William D. Hough in command, had been posted on a hill, just below the road, in front of a wood and a fence. As soon as Hough saw the cavalry coming, he very properly made for the fence, for he had no bayonets. But the horsemen, a squadron of the Eighth Illinois, were on him before he got there. He turned and made a gallant fight. Second Lieut. Joseph H. Stewart jerked a rifle

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from one of his men, shot the leader of the charge, a captain or lieutenant, knocked the horse's front legs from under him with his clubbed rifle and was cut down by the sabre. Nine men, including Stewart, were captured. Company H, under the gallant captain, Wm. H. Murray, came running up as soon as they heard the firing. The remnant of Company F got behind the fence and gave the charging party a volley, and Murray from the nearest hill gave them another, and they went back faster than they came. But the advancing line of skirmishers were sweeping the front as far as the eye could reach on each side, and it was clear that an advance in force was present. Colonel Johnson, therefore, drew in his command. Walker had formed and waited for him a mile to the rear. They joined forces and marched comfortably back to Union Mills, where they arrived after dark. The bridge was on fire, the army had gone and Colonel Nicholls, of the Louisiana regiment, since Governor Nicholls, was holding the place for them until they got through. Crossing Bull Run they marched on the rear guard of the army and the next day reached the Rappahannock. Maj.-Gen. Richard S. Ewell, who was in command of the division, was posted there by Johnston to hold the enemy back while Johnston got his trains out of the way. He held the position for several weeks, until during the last of April he moved to Gordonsville, thence to Somerset and thence by Swift Run Gap and across the Blue Ridge to Conrad's store in the valley of Virginia.

After First Manassas George B. McClellan was put in command of all the Union armies when Winfield Scott resigned, superannuated. General McClellan had come out of the Mexican war with a first-rate reputation, and in 1861 made a brilliant campaign in West Virginia, the American Switzerland, against Wise, Floyd and Robert E. Lee. He was, therefore, with reason regarded as the first soldier on his side. During the winter of 1861-62 he prepared a plan of a grand campaign, of which Rich-

mond was to be the objective, and which was to be carried but by the army of the Potomac under his personal direction, in conjunction with an army in West Virginia under General Milroy, and another in the valley of Virginia under General Banks. While McClellan transported his great army of the Potomac by water to York river, whence he could move on the flank of Richmond, Milroy was to march down west of the Alleghanies, and Banks was to move directly up the valley,—the latter two uniting at Staunton to march on Lynchburg, where they would cut the communication between Richmond and the southwestern States of the Confederacy. Maj.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) was in the valley with 8,000 men to observe and check this concentration. Ewell was on the Rappahannock with 7,000 to watch McClellan's move by that route, while Johnston had taken the main part of his army to the peninsula between the York and James rivers, to confront McClellan, whose move in that direction had become fully developed.

Jackson required more men. Banks in front had more than four times his number, and his force could not cover the ground. The story at the time was that he applied to Richmond for "more men and fewer orders." Ewell was ordered to report to him and reached Conrad's Store on the first days of May. To his astonishment and perplexity he found the embers of Jackson's camp fires and no orders. Jackson had vanished in a night, without a word, without a trace. So Ewell impatiently waited a week for directions and at length came the telegram from "Stonewall"—"McDowell, May 9th:—God has given us a victory at McDowell to-day." That was all, but it was sufficient.

Without stopping to take breath, Jackson sped back to Staunton, moved swiftly on Banks, who had got to Strasburg, and ordered Ewell to meet him at New Market. Thence they recrossed the Massanutten range and raced swiftly down the Luray valley. This march was like the

tiger's approach, stealthy, silent until within striking distance, then one leap on his prey. The army of the Valley marched ten to twelve miles a day, then twenty, then thirty, and it was on Banks before he knew Jackson had left McDowell.

Colonel Steuart had been promoted brigadier-general on March 28th; Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson colonel, and Major Dorsey, lieutenant-colonel. General Steuart was ordered to organize the Maryland Line, consisting of the First Maryland and the Baltimore Light artillery as a nucleus, but was temporarily assigned to command a brigade of cavalry, being an old cavalry soldier. Colonel Johnson was thus left in command of the Maryland Line. They marched to the quarters of General Elzey, between whom and themselves there had always existed the tenderest affection, though Elzey had never been in command of the regiment, having been assigned to a brigade as soon as he joined. But they loved him. His brusque, prompt manner, his gallant bearing, his generous heart, made him dear to them. In battle Elzey's look was like the blast of a bugle; in camp he was careful of his men, though he scolded them from start to finish and they always deserved it. The parting, therefore, was more than usually touching.

In the First Maryland, matters at this time were in a very unsatisfactory condition. The Richmond companies had been mustered into the army of Virginia for twelve months, that being the term of enlistment in that service. The Harper's Ferry companies had been mustered by Lieutenant-Colonel Deas into the army of the Confederate States for the war. But during the year they had got it into their hearts that they, too, ought to have been mustered for only twelve months, and that if their muster rolls showed differently, they had been deceived. There was not the slightest doubt that they were mistaken, but this idea naturally bred great discontent. Companies A and B had been mustered at the Point of Rocks for

twelve months, as their muster rolls showed. On May 18th Company C's time expired and they were mustered out by Colonel Johnson, who expostulated with them to no effect. They wanted their rights, they wanted to go into the cavalry, they were tired of trudging. So off they went. They had no idea of going home, or abandoning the fight. The rest, except Companies A and B, being absent on detached service, were nearly in a state of mutiny as they neared the enemy. At length, on May 22d, when twelve months from the muster at Harper's Ferry expired, the large majority of them stacked their arms and refused to do duty. This was mutiny, and the colonel promptly had the arms packed in the wagons and the men put under a guard with loaded guns. He sent for Color-Sergeant Doyle, as good a soldier as ever bore musket, and showed him how impossible it was to have any discussion in the presence of the enemy, and directed him to find out how many men were willing to go on and defer the decision of their claims and complaints until after the campaign. Doyle reported that about half the command were willing to stand by the colors in any event. The army was then within an easy march of Front Royal, where Banks had stationed a force to protect his flank. The next morning, the 23d, the march was begun, the First Maryland in the worst possible condition—one-half under arrest for mutiny, the rest disgusted with the service, and the colonel disgusted with them. A halt was made for rest about five miles from Front Royal, and during it an aide brought this order: "Colonel Johnson will move the First Maryland to the front and attack the enemy at Front Royal. The army will halt until you pass. JACKSON." The colonel turned on his regiment: "You have heard this personal order from General Jackson and you are in a pretty condition to obey it. You are the sole hope of Maryland. You carry with you her honor and her pride. Shame on you—shame on you. I shall re-

turn this order to General Jackson with the endorsement, 'The First Maryland refuses to face the enemy,' for I will not trust the honor of the glorious old State to discontented, dissatisfied men. I won't lead men who have no heart. Every man who is discontented must fall out of ranks—step to the rear and march with the guard. If I can get ten good men, I'll take the Maryland colors with them and will stand for home and honor; but never again call yourselves Marylanders! No Marylander ever threw down his arms and deserted his colors in the presence of the enemy—and those arms and those colors given you by a woman! Go!" This appeal settled it. The men in ranks cheered and yelled, "Forward, we'll show you!" The men under guard pleaded with tears to be allowed to return to duty, ran back miles to the wagons, got their guns and rejoined their regiment by the time it attacked at Front Royal. The Marylanders marched forward, rejuvenated, reinvigorated, restored! The army halted. As they went by they could hear time and again, "There they go. Look at the 'game cocks.'" The Louisiana brigade, Gen. Dick Taylor, came to a front and presented arms. The Marylanders trod on air, for no men are so susceptible to praise or enjoy flattery more.

Clear of the column, they debouched from the wooded road into the open, where there was a long stretch of fields between them and the village of Front Royal. A squad of cavalry charged down the road. Captain Nicholas and Company G were deployed as skirmishers on each side of it. A mile distant, by the side of a fence was a blanket stretched from two fence rails as a shelter. A man got up, looked at the strange sight coming out of the woods, sheltered his eyes from the sun, then made a grab for his musket, but before he could fire, the cavalry was on him, and that picket was gobbled up. There were three men on post, but they did not have time to give the alarm. A cavalry man, with cocked carbine,

trotted them to the rear. General Ewell, General Steuart and Colonel Johnson were riding at the head of the column. "What regiment do you belong to?" was the colonel's eager inquiry. "First Maryland," was the response of the Dutchman. "There's the First Maryland," cried the Confederate, pointing behind. Great Heavens! was such good fortune ever given to a soldier? The Federal First Maryland had been recruited under the gallant Kenly, but it was largely composed of foreigners, and the Marylanders had always refused to recognize it as representing their State. They were the only simon-pure, genuine Marylanders, and if ever they got a chance they would show them! Here was the chance. As the news flew back through the ranks, shoulders were straightened, chests thrown out, and every man thanked God he was a Marylander and was there!

As they approached the town, a hot musketry fire broke out from the doors and windows of a large building to the left, probably four or five hundred yards distant. "Colonel, can you take that building?" said General Ewell. "Yes, sir, in five minutes." "Men, you see that house? You are to take it. Forward, double quick charge!" And the Marylanders went at it like a charge of canister. "Excuse me, Colonel," said Adjutant Frank Ward, touching his cap as he dashed by on his pony. Capt. Billy Murray and Lieut. George Thomas broke from their proper places and ran in front, and the building was taken in half the time promised. Gathering the command together it was rushed into the town with Wheat's battalion on the left, then through the town, where the enemy was discovered on the crest of some hills with a battery in position at his center, and a force of cavalry, probably a squadron, on his right. Wheat with the Louisianians took the left, the Marylanders the front and center and moved across the open to attack. A shell exploded in the ground under the color guard,

and the colors fell; but Lieut. Dick Gilmor had them before they touched the ground. The Louisianians worked their way from cover to cover, until they nearly enveloped Kenly's right. But the Marylanders could make no further progress. They were in the open with no cover. Lines of stone fences running parallel to Kenly's front gave secure protection to his skirmishers, so that when, after hours' work, one line was dislodged and forced back on its reserves, another was promptly formed and reinforced by Kenly, who handled his command with gallant skill and coolness. He had 800 infantry, a battery, and probably eighty cavalry. The First Maryland paraded that day 375 rifles and Wheat had 200, and Kenly could see every man of his antagonists.

Jackson, adhering to his persistent strategy of mystery, kept his army concealed in the woods several miles off, and left the Louisianians and Marylanders to fight their fight out, without assistance. Company F, Capt. J. Louis Smith, was sent by his colonel into a skirt of woods on the right to work his way up to Kenly's left, which he succeeded in doing during the afternoon, and began firing down Kenly's line. At length Kenly began to move. His cavalry came down the hill and deployed in the field and came forward in a trot to charge the Marylanders and cover Kenly's withdrawal. The fire of his battery also became very active, but the Baltimore light artillery quieted that in a few minutes. Kenly had discovered from his elevated position two regiments of Virginia cavalry moving round his left to get in his rear, though unknown to the Louisianians and Marylanders. As soon as Kenly's move was understood, the whole line was moved forward. The skirmishers under Lieutenant-Colonel Dorsey advanced into a charge as soon as they got within reach. This expedited Kenly's retreat, so that he was unable to burn the bridge over the Shenandoah. He set it on fire, but the Louisianians and Marylanders put it out before any harm was done,

and the Sixth Virginia cavalry pressed over it in single file in hot pursuit. Jackson, Ewell and Steuart joined the leading squadron as soon as the enemy was well started and the cavalry on them. Jackson and Ewell then returned to their proper places with the infantry and Steuart pushed on all night, picking up nearly every man of Kenly's command. It was a fight between First Maryland and First Maryland, creating great amusement in the army, for among the prisoners were many brothers, cousins, uncles, and some fathers of the Confederates. Such a scene was never witnessed before in war as the meeting between the two regiments after the Union Marylanders were brought in as prisoners by the cavalry. It was amusing and even jovial, for one side was glad to see somebody from home, and the other that it had fallen into the hands of relatives and kindred, although technically they were enemies. Kenly fought his men with indomitable gallantry, intelligence and good sense. He made all out of it that was possible, and he might have held his position had it not been for the flanking movement of the cavalry. He was wounded by saber cut and pistol ball. His adjutant, Tarr, was also badly wounded.

The next morning Colonel Johnson and staff called on Colonel Kenly and staff and tendered any courtesies that it was proper for the one to receive or the other to offer. But Kenly was sore in body and spirit and refused any favors of any kind at the hands of his conqueror. The ill humor of the gallant soldier was condoned on account of his misfortune, and no one thought the worse of him for his bitterness. Kenly performed an inestimable service to Banks. He held Jackson back for twelve hours, and thus gave Banks opportunity to fall back from Strasburg to Winchester.

On the 24th Ewell moved up within reach of Winchester, Jackson marching by Strasburg and the valley pike. By daylight they were in line of battle, Jackson's right

almost touching Ewell's left, both together forming a semi-circle round the town. Before day the line moved forward, First Maryland on Ewell's left with orders to watch out for Jackson in the pike, and get in touch of him as soon as possible. Skirmishers were out; but nothing could be seen, for a dense fog enveloped everything. Feeling their way slowly and carefully forward, at last the skirmishers were withdrawn and Colonel Johnson made a dash forward at a stone wall, which could be dimly discerned ahead. To their surprise they went over it without a shot and were halted in an apple orchard, some distance inside the wall. It appeared that they had penetrated Banks' center, between his right and left wing, and were behind his line. It was uncertain whether they were prisoners in a big army, or had achieved a grand tactical movement and exploit. The colonel sent back Adjutant Ward to report the situation to General Ewell with the suggestion that as soon as Ewell attacked in front, the First Maryland would charge down behind the Union lines and sweep them away from the front attack. The fog was thick and dark. Ward was gone, and the Marylanders waited for the fire from the front. The Union bugles sounded "cease firing!" The fog rolled up like the curtain at the theater and the Federal line was disclosed, wheeling by companies into column and marching to the left. On the extreme Union right, Dick Taylor's Louisiana brigade swept up the hill, like a steel-tipped wave—over the earth-works, over the guns, over the line of battle, and the fields were filled with Banks' fugitives. The Maryland colonel brought his men to attention, wheeled into column and said, "Men, this regiment is to be first at the Taylor House!" They cheered and started with quickened pace to the center of Winchester. They went down the main street just as the sun of that May morning was gilding the steeples and housetops. Doors and windows flew open. Women in dishabille, in nightdress, filled